Wooing poore Craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to baniſh their affects with him,
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,
A brace of Draymen bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thanks my Countrey-men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.

Greene. Well, he is gone, & with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the Rebels which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage muſt be made (my Liege)
Ere further leyſure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.

King. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this Warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court
And liberall larges, are growne ſomewhat light;
Wee are inforſt to farme our Royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof ſhall furniſh vs:
For our affaires in hand, if that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blancke Charters,
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhie with newes.

Buſh. Old *Iohn* of *Gaunt* is grieuous ſicke, my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſt
To intreate your Maieſtie to viſite him.

King. Where lies he?

Buſh. At *Elye* houſe.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phiſitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lyning of his Coffers ſhall make coates,
To decke our Souldiers for theſe *Iriſh* Warres.
Come Gentlemen, lets all goe viſite him,
Pray God we may make haſt, and come too late:
Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Iohn of Gaunt ſicke, wit

Gaunt. Will the King come,
In holſome counſell to his vnſt
Yorke. Vex not your ſelfe, nor
For all in vaine comes counſell
Gaunt. Oh, but they ſay, th
Inforce attention like deepe ha
Where wordes are ſcarce, they
For they breath truth that brea
He that no more muſt ſay, is lif
Then they whom youth and e
More are mens ends markt, the
The ſetting Sunne, and Muſick
As the laſt taſt of ſweetes is ſwe
Writ in remembrance, more t
Though *Richard* my liues coun
My deaths ſad tale may yet vn
Yorke. No, it is ſtopt with o
As prayſes of his ſtate: then th
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe v
The open eare of youth doth a
Report of faſhions in proud *It*
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy
Limps after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt fo
So it be new, there's no reſpect
That is not quickly buzd into
Then all too late comes Coun
Where Will doth mutine with
Direct not him whoſe way him
Tis breath thou lackſt, and tha
Gaunt. Mee thinks I am a P
And thus expiring, doe foreto
His raſh fierce blaze of riot ca
For violent fires ſoone burne o
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſo
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA